

Pleasure Island Divers - Pt 1

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A student goes on a scuba diving trip and explores more than the reef.

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"Give her to Jesse, he can take her on the all day trip on Saturday." I said.

"Jesse is going to be gone this weekend, he just had a death in the family and is flying to Florida on Friday." Abigail said.

"Oh great! I will take her but I bet she is just like all the others, looking for a quick signoff on their open water certification." I responded.

I've seen this time and time again since I started this dive school ten years ago. These women come here with their basic scuba classes signed off and just need their open water dives to become certified. Usually their previous boyfriend was their instructor and just signed them off on the class work. They typically have broken up with them and want to come down here and are looking for a quick stroke of the pen to say they're certified.

I'm sorry but I am not going to do that. People think scuba diving is just throwing on some gear and jumping in the water and having fun. Although it is fun, there is a lot of things to consider. Your life is in danger if you do not pay attention to the details. To me, signing someone off on their open water certification means I find them competent to follow all safety precautions.

Typically my business is picking up cruise ship passengers and taking them on a day long scuba diving trip. Our business is based in Belize City, Belize. The cruise ship tenders bring in thousands of tourists weekly and it is my job to take as many of them on a two tank dive trip as I can. My company has three boats and I have eight people certified to take them on these trips. Jesse and I are the only two who I approve to sign off divers under our business license.

Usually the only time we ever take someone on these trips who is not certified is when they are staying in Belize and not a cruise ship passenger. This way we have more time with them after the other passengers return to the ship. After we have done all the certification dives we like to take them one on one to some of the reefs around the area. This way if they have any concerns we can address

them in a little more personal fashion.

Saturday arrived and I went to the Radisson Fort George Hotel and Marina which is just north of Belize City where I pick up the cruise ship passengers. I found the courtesy phone and dialed her room.

"Hello is Whitney there?" I asked.

"This is Whitney, may I help you?" she responded

"This is Captain Robert from Pleasure Island Diving." was my response.

"I will be down in just a minute, let me grab my bag." Whitney responded.

When Whitney came down to the lobby I was in shock. She was not the twenty something bimbo I was expecting. She looked to be maybe in her mid thirties and incredibly beautiful. She gave me the impression that she was a professional, maybe an accountant or an attorney. The way she walked gave me the feeling that she was confident in who she was and didn't care what others may think of her. Her bright yellow bikini bottom was clearly visible through the cover-up. The white cover-up was just long enough to cover her bikini bottom and as thin as it was you could tell she wasn't wearing a top.

Having been in the business for some time I could tell that her outfit was from a high end store and not from somewhere like Wal-Mart or Target. I introduced myself and directed her to the Ford Bronco in the parking lot. This was a completely restored 1977 vehicle. I have five other Bronco's in restoration currently. They are going to be part of another division of tours giving cruise passengers jungle tours. This vehicle is the prototype for "Bronco Bob's Backcountry Tours."

I placed her bag in the back of the vehicle and gave her a hand getting in. Since the image of the vehicle is supposed to be rugged it has large tires and a tall lift. As Whitney was climbing in she fell back and I put my hand up to catch her. Not only did I catch her but my hand was cupping her ass cheek. That's when I realized her bikini bottom was a thong bikini as is did little to cover her beautiful ass. She looked at me and thanked me for saving her from an embarrassing fall. I was the one who was embarrassed now, my face turning a bright red.

"I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to." I started to say.

"Nonsense, I'm the one who was clumsy getting in the vehicle." she interrupted.

Without any further issues I drove her back to the main part of the city where my boat was waiting for us. The other guides were there checking in all the cruise passengers. Whitney and I came through the entrance to the terminal. Having the credentials allowed me to escort Whitney through even though this terminal was usually only for cruise passengers. All the cruise passengers were taken down into the boat for their orientation. I invited Whitney up on the fly bridge with me as we headed out for the ninety minute ride to the dive site.

We talked a little as we were navigating through the tiny islands in the area. Whitney then asked if she could go down on the front of the boat and get a little sun. I told her it was fine but to be careful as the sun was intense down here. She grabbed a bottle of tanning oil and headed down and out front. From where I sat I had a perfect view of her.

She placed a towel down and placed her bag down next to it. To say I was amazed would be an understatement. This woman was beautiful. Her skin was flawless, perfectly tanned and glowing. I've said that some women have been kissed by the sun gods. But no not Whitney, this woman was beyond this. I would swear that the sun gods bow down to her. Her bright yellow thong bikini was simply amazing.

She removed her cover-up and began applying oil to her body and was covering herself good. Her beautiful breasts were poking out towards the sun and those nipples, Oh how amazing they were. They were poking straight out as if someone had been sucking hard on them. Smiling I continued to look at her but trying not to stare. I noticed a smile on her face. I assumed she knew I was looking at her.

About twenty more minutes into the trip I looked down again and this time it caught me off guard. Now as I was looking down, there was Whitney with her hand down her bikini bottom. She was playing with herself! I couldn't believe this. I have seen plenty of women topless on my boat before but never had the pleasure of watching a woman masturbate while I was watching. I couldn't take my eyes off her and by the smile on her face I knew she knew I was watching. My cock grew hard and even though she couldn't see it under the controls she knew I was turned on watching her.

This continued on for a while and I could tell that Whitney was getting close to coming. Her body was moving around on the deck and although the engines were making a lot of noise I could here faint moaning over the roar of the engines. When she finally came I was mesmerized. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She looked up at me and my big smile and winked. I winked back knowing of the wet spot she created in my swim trunks.

This is going to be a very interesting trip indeed I thought to myself.